



A NEW SONG, CALLED THE,
Victory gained at Lucknow.

By Arthur Quinn.

All you gallant heroes that to England belong,
I call your attention awhile to my song.
To those lines that have come from an Island afar,
Just to give you the news from the great Indian War.
At the taking of Cawnpore our sufferings were great,
With a charge from the sepoys we had to retreat ;
At the city of Delhi we received a scar,
But still we fought on at the great Indian War.
Now to name the Regiments is a thing I can't do,
There's the bold Forty-fifth, and the Forty and two,
And the brave Connaught rangers that come from afar,
To crown England with glory at the great Indian War.
With the gallant Scottish Greys and Sixth Carbineers,
The bold Faugh-a-Ballagh and Fifth Fusiliers,
The Seventeenth Lancers and the Eleventh Hussars,
That charged the sepoys at the great Indian Wars.
Now that England and France, they may always agree,
The soldiers and sailors in great unity,
That England's bright banner may always shine far,
To enlighten our hearts, at the great Indian War.
When we came to Lucknow, the morning being clear,
We thought on our sweethearts and parents so dear,
That were left broken-hearted, behind us afar,
We've home good news to England from the great
Indian War.

Here's a health to Victoria and long may she reign,
And all her true subjects, her cause to maintain,
And to Sir Colin Campbell, who ventured so far,
To give strict command at the great Indian War.
Now the wars are all over, and home we return,
To our parents and sweethearts, we left here to mourn.
So no more we'll go from them nor venture afar.
We have gained great promotion at the great Indian War.
Now the brave allied armies, they fought with command,
The Sepoys no longer against them could stand,
We conquered at Delhi, Lucknow and Cawnpore,
And kept tyrants down as we have done before.
Now the sons to their parents again will return,
And boys to their sweethearts they left here to mourn ;
Some people in Ireland, they now may despair.
For their sons that were slain at the great Indian War,
So now to conclude, and to finish my song,
I have good news to tell you, I'll not keep you long :
We will toast to our parents and sweethearts so true,
Having subdued the Sepoys, we're home safe to you.

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